Varying Moods Expressed in Various Verse

P. H. Rathbone

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VARYING MOODS EXPRESSED IN VARIOUS VERSE.

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Eva McLaren
with love
P. H. Rathbone

VARYING MOODS EXPRESSED IN VARIOUS VERSE.

BY

P. H. RATHBONE.

[Printed for Private Circulation.]

PR
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To

MY WIFE

THESE VERSES ARE DEDICATED

FOR THE SAKE OF

THE MEMORIES THEY RECALL OF

AFFECTIONS WE HAVE CHERISHED TOGETHER.

816666

Preface.

THESE verses are, for the most part, printed for friends who have, for various reasons, expressed a strong wish for copies. The Memorial lines are printed in the hope that they may, perhaps, fall into the hands of some who will be glad to have memories revived which were once dear to many.

P. H. RATHBONE.

GREEN BANK COTTAGE, LIVERPOOL,
August 4th, 1891.

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"Stand from Under!"

A LEGEND OF THE SEA HEARD OFF CAPE FOUL, 1849.

'TWAS middle watch, the bell went thrice,
Hard gales, north-west, with squalls of thunder,
I heard a voice, which chilled like ice,
From mizentop cry, "Stand from under!"

That low, weird cry was heard by all,
Though loud the tempest howled and hissed;
The watch below we sent to call,
And counted—not a man was missed.

Dismayed, we stood and gazed aloft,
Straining our eyes in awe-struck wonder—
Again the voice came, sad and soft,
Though we saw nothing — "Stand from under!"

But none cried "Heave!" the close-reefed sail
With rending crash was ripped asunder,
And after that a woman's wail,
"Oh! for the third time—Stand from under!

Night after night that dreary sound,
Repeated thrice, our hearts would grieve,
Nor could a man on board be found
Who had the heart to answer "Heave!"

One night it blew a fearful gale,
And from the mizen-top above
Again down came that weary wail,
"Stand from beneath, for Heaven's dear love!"

The old ship creaked, and strained, and groaned,
As if her heart would burst asunder;
If ye be men" the spirit moaned,
"In mercy answer, Stand from under!"

Fierce, fiercer did the forked gleams glare,
Loud, deep, and angry, rolled the thunder,
Once more that wail of wild despair
Rose "For the last time, Stand from under!"

For life, for death, I take my choice!"
The boatswain cried; ere died away
The sound he roared, with thick choked voice:
"Heave, in the name of God, I say!"

Thud came a thick, dull, squelching sound;
That moment blazed the sky one sheet
Of ghastly blue, and lo! we found
A girl's corpse quivering at our feet.

Her robe's rich folds, flung loose apart,
Disclosed her bosom as she lay—
A blood-red speck just marked the heart,
As if a penknife knew the way.

Her eyes, though filmy, dull, and glazed,
Shot forth weird phosphorescent light,
That full upon our skipper blazed,
And blanched his cheek a leaden white.

"Heave overboard" he roughly said,
"Quick, heave that loathsome mass away!
But when they came to raise the dead,
They could not move her where she lay.

In vain they try. "Stay! heave no more,"
The captain cried, "Stand off, my men—
By heaven I've lifted her before,
And I will lift her once again!"

But as he raised her from the deck
She uttered fierce, unearthly screams;
She laughed, she shrieked, she clutch'd his neck—
Her hair a golden banner streams.

Grand, beautiful, and passionate,
She crushed him wildly to her heart;
Her words breathed love, her eyes gleamed hate—
"At last! Ah, never more to part!

"Did'st think thy Clara left behind?
Ah, no!" she cried, "I've followed thee
Upon the wings of every wind,
Come now, my own—Come, follow me!

"Away, the night is growing old—
Away, the dawn begins to glow;
Come, love, 'tis bitter, bitter cold,
And brightly burn our fires below.

"Dost fear to pass yon raging brine?"
"Devil nor God fear I," quoth he,
"Deep, girl, we've pledged in crimson wine—
To-night we'll quaff the eternal sea."

Hands joined, they plunged in fearful sport;
Then rose a cry—I hear it now—
"Breakers ahead; helm hard aport;
The Wolf is on our starboard bow!"

She answers—she may clear it yet—
Too late! hear'st thou yon sullen boom?
Before another watch is set
Each soul on board shall know its doom.

She struck—we felt her backward reel;
She struck again—the blow went home:
The old ship shuddered to her keel,
And then we knew her hour was come.

Crunch, crash—crunch, crash—then all was o'er,
Save here and there a gurgling groan;
And when the bright morn smiled once more,
It found me on the rock—alone.

My Last Voyage as Mate.

A TALE FOR THE UNDERWRITERS.

I WOULD sail with the Devil himself,
If the Devil would give good pay;
But there are some things I dare not do,
Which it makes me curse to say.

I would sail with the Devil himself,
If he would not sink his ship;
If he did, though the Devil himself,
By G—— it would be his last trip.

For I love the ships I sail in,
They're the only things I love,
The only things on the earth beneath,
Or in the heavens above.

For I never had Father or Mother,
Or brother, or friend I knew;
I once had the love of woman,
But the woman proved untrue.

I sailed one voyage with a captain
Whose looks were as black as night ;
And instead of speaking he snarled,
As if he would like to bite.

He looked no man in the face,
But glared from the side of his eye,
And always had an uneasy look,
Unless he were telling a lie.

His brother, who owned the vessel,
Had a flashy, jaunty air ;
I hardly know which I hated most
From the day that I saw the pair.

As the ship was leaving the river,
I heard the owner say,
As he stept over the bulwark,
" Well, then, old lad—good day.

" Come back as soon as you like,
A short and a pleasant trip,
And whenever you do come back
I'll find you another ship.

"I've insured this treble her value,
At Antwerp, Paris, and here,
And at Lloyd's I've a pot upon her,
So she mustn't come back, that's clear."

Well, we cast off the tug and pilot,
But had not been out a week,
When though we'd no dirty weather,
The ship began to leak.

It wasn't so much at first,
But she daily leaked more and more,
And at night I heard strange noises
Under the cabin floor.

So I bored a hole with a gimlet,
In the bulkhead through which to peep,
And at night I saw the captain,
Come down with a stealthy creep.

He gave one glare round the cabin,
Then taking the hanging light,
He lifted an old chest lid, got in,
And descended out of sight.

I made one bolt from my bunker,
And leapt down into the place,
Came splash to my middle in water,
With the captain face to face.

The captain turned fiercely upon me,
"What the h—— do you here below?"
"Hush, captain," I said, "don't bellow,
Or else all the crew will know.

"A bargain's a bargain, captain,
What do you pay this trip?
And, captain, I'd like to be ready,
When do you leave the ship?"

He flung himself savagely on me,
Said I, "Two can play at that,"
And I gave him a blow on his forehead,
Was more than a tit for his tat.

Down, down we went into the water,
Out, out went the hissing light,
Ugh, it was dark, damp, and dreary,
Our struggle for life that night.

The captain's head fell against something,
I felt 'twas the knob of a plug;
I seized, and with desperate effort
Wrenched it out at a single tug.

Then freeing myself from his clutches,
Cleared out of the place with a bound,
And slamming the old chest lid, sat down
To wait there until he was drowned.

The skipper lay stunned a few moments,
I was almost in hopes he was dead,
Then I felt the chest lid bend beneath me,
With the bang, bang, bang of his head.

I let the head up for a moment,
By George, it was not a nice sight.
Sometimes when I've had a bout drinking,
It dances before me at nights.

Dazed with liquor and livid with terror,
His eyes seemed to start from his head,
His face was one mass of contortion,
His hair matted, clotted, and red.

I'd the plug in my hand, and I hit him,
Back down in the water he sank;
I seized on the bottle of spirits,
It boiled through my veins as I drank.

I waited, it might be ten minutes,
It seemed like ten hours I know;
Looked, saw something white in the darkness,
Bobbing up in the water below.

I plunged with my plug to replace it,
I was long enough finding the hole,
For the body kept bumping against me,
As the ship began slightly to roll.

Then changed clothes, went on deck to the steersman,
Said he, "What's the matter below?
The captain's more bumptious than usual,
I heard a most terrible row."

"Oh, nothing," I answered; "as usual,
The skipper's as drunk as old sin,
But I don't think he'll give us much trouble,
I fancy I heard him turn in."

Just then the man said nothing further,
Although he'd his doubts I could see,
But I knew that he hated the captain,
And I thought that he rather liked me.

I found I could hardly step even,
As I hurriedly paced on the deck,
And my shirt where the folds met the collar
Felt rough like a rope round my neck.

Till the steersman bent tow'rds me and whispered—
"Whatever has happened to-night,
Remember that I have heard nothing."
"Thanks, old fellow," I nodded; "all right."

Next morning 'twas known through the vessel,
That the captain's dead body was found,
In a secret hold half-filled with water,
That he'd tumbled in drunk and been drowned.

So we sewed up the body in sail cloth,
And tumbled it overboard;
And of course I took charge of the vessel,
The crew saying never a word.

We'd fine weather, and all went on smoothly,
From that to the end of the trip;
But the owner did not look so happy,
As he ought to receive back his ship.

I whispered a short explanation
That I'd come now to live upon shore;
Then he pressed a few bank-notes upon me,
And nodded a promise of more.

I'm a rogue and an outcast, I know it,
But I've done one good deed at the least,
'Twas when I sat down on the old chest lid,
And rid the world of a beast.

I live upon bleeding the brother,
It suits me uncommonly well;
And when I would fain raise my spirits,
I think of *him* broiling in h——.

The British Sabbath.

A DIABOLICAL REVERIE. 1856.

THE Devil he sat in his easy-chair,
His face was furrowed with lines of care,
For things had been going on far too well—
The balance was bad in the ledger of hell:
Even war, so often his firm ally,
For once had proved angel of unity
To a nation that frittered in petty strife
And in selfish sloth its heart and life:
So the Devil he looked glum.

Then he turned to the *Times'* police reports,
For he was most terribly out of sorts;
But when he read of the beaten wife,
Of the poisoned friend, of the drunken strife,
His tail, which, grown limp, grey, and scant of hair,
Lay mournfully coiled beneath his chair,
Began to move gently hither and fro,
And his swarthy cheek began to glow:
"Here's a health to my friends," quoth he.

Then the Devil read how a black-robed crew—
Quoth he, "They stick to my livery too"—
Had all met under the sad pretence
Of forming themselves for the Sabbath defence,
To promote throughout the English nation
To their utmost the Sunday desecration,
And to leave no choice to the man of labour
But loving his drink, or hating his neighbour—
No choice but the gin-shop or church.

Quoth he:—"I know what these fellows teach,
For I once heard a famous parson preach.
I took a great brass-bound gilt-edged book—
My malignant scowl passed for pious look—
Ah me: what a weary time was that!
Two hours on my stiffening tail I sat:
With the pins and needles I grew quite pale,
And for near three weeks could not wag that tail,
For the parson had sent it to sleep.

"The preacher said from the skies above
That he brought a message of hope and love.
Thought I, 'This never will do for me,
But I'll stop a minute and wait to see.'

And when the message he came to tell,
Meseemed that it came not from heaven but hell,
And I kept my eyes fixed on the topmost rafter,
For fear I should burst into peals of laughter,
At a message so wonderful quaint.

"He said the message came but to them
Who believed exactly as suited him,
Whom he midwifed into their second birth,
And God damn the rest of the living earth;
That Socinians, Turks, and Catholics, all
Belonged to the Devil—both great and small:
He repeated this message again and again,
I could do no less than cry out, 'Amen';
'But,' thought I to myself, 'I wish I knew
I was sure of them as I am of you.'"
And the Devil went reading on;—

How the only day that the world of Art,
And Nature found time to touch the heart,
Of their own museums priests robbed the poor,
Of their picture-galleries shut the door,
While the rich had their club and reading-room
Green-house and hot-house in constant bloom;

'Mid the beasts and the birds they might freely
stray,
In gardens closed to the poor that day.
Priests would fain the Creator should say no
word,
On His day, lest His voice and not theirs be
heard!
So Creation's works were hid.

In the cruel old days it was even worse,
Priests laboured to make God's day a curse;
They blasphemed the Saviour as weary and worn,
He led His disciples through fields of corn;
'Gainst the scandalous cure of the withered
arm,
Raised in savage anger a fierce alarm;
Their religion with blood they freely spiced,
They kept the Sabbath and crucified Christ,
For teaching God's Sabbath could never be
The Sabbath that suited the Pharisee,
Or the unbelieving Scribe.

Now the saints and the gin-shops go hand in
hand,
On the Sabbath defence they take their stand;

Or blood-reeking worship or savage sin,
The spirit of hate or the spirit of gin!
And thus do they offer the heavens above
A day that is worthy the God of love.
'Hurrah,' said the Devil, 'they serve me well;
Hurrah, hurrah, for the Sabbath of hell!
Hip hurrah, for the Sabbath of hell!'"

Says Satan, "It's just as it used to be,
The priests have been ever good friends to me;
But the worst of it is in this English land,
That priests have not always the upper hand.
Let's see what the Parliament have to say,
They p'r'aps may step in to preserve the day:
For surely the English can't be such fools
As to send to the Commons mere parsons' tools!"
So the Devil went reading on;—

"How the Commons of England's majesty
Had consecrated the blazoned lie,
That there ever could be a divine command
That the wonders of Art and of God's own hand
On that day should instruct or should elevate
The souls of none but the wealthy and great,
Rich men, to keep fanatic howls away,
Had sold to the Devil the poor man's day,
And cringed to the demon of Cant.

Quoth Satan :—"The British make some pretence
To what they call practical common-sense,
Now parsons live in a world alone
Where no glimmer of sense is ever known ;
From which they look forth on God's beauteous earth,
Declaring it cursed from its very birth ;
But when men of the world can so strangely forget
Truth and duty, by Jove, there is hope of them yet !
The respectable world is mine ! "

We English boast we have broken free
From the bonds of a Papal tyranny,
Yet the Church makes each muddle-headed son
A Pope, and has thousands instead of one.
When parsons yell souls are in jeopardy,
Six hundred picked Englishmen funk the cry.
No wonder the Devil adores a priest,
No wonder from that day he never has ceased
A-wagging his tail, and I'm told since then
It has grown quite hairy and sleek again.

No Laughter in Heaven.

At a children's soirée held in a village in the County of Kincardine the other night, a clergyman, addressing nearly three hundred young people, checked the exuberance of their youthful spirits, by forbidding them to applaud, telling them "there would be nothing of that kind, and no laughter in heaven," and that these manifestations were "inconsistent with religion."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

NO laughter in Heaven? Alas! for thy vanity,
Lest parsons be laughed at, is that Christianity?
Go read in your Bible—at least, if you've one,
How they merrily welcomed the Prodigal Son.
A laughter there is, that we all know too well,
Grates on the chilled heart like an echo from hell:
Aye, and laughter that, having despair for its root,
Has for stem of it wormwood, and ashes for fruit.
But the silver-voiced laugh, which God's angels might share,
Where the heart is so pure that each smile is a prayer.

Is that silenced for ever when silenced on earth,
And Heaven cold grey, with no sunshine of mirth?
Could that e'en be called Heaven?
Why no, blockhead, no;
The gloom may be deep where you're likely to go,
In the world that ferments with your saint's bilious leaven,
No laugh, perhaps, there—but it won't quite be Heaven.

Après?

COME let us eat and drink,
For to-morrow we die,
And the heart will cease to beat, and the brain to think,
And light will fade from the eye.

So come let us eat and drink,
For to-morrow we die,—
What though our nature shrink,
We are fools to sigh.
Let us learn from the World of Beauty,
What lessons we may,
Love our friends, and do our duty,
And then pass away.

Help our brethren to eat and drink,
So far as we can,
And forge here and there a link,
Between man and man.

A link how soon to be broken
When life ebbs from clay,
When the last feeble word is spoken,
And night closes day.

April, 1890.

Helios, the Sun-god, to Rhodos,

AS HE DREW HER FROM THE SEA.

She afterwards became the Island of Rhodes.

I AM drunk with the wine of love,
As I gather thee up from the sea,
And the light that beats down from above
Seems dark as I gaze upon thee.
Mine eyes cannot bear it long,
Thy beauty is blinding, maid!
Oh! come in the strain of a song,
That mine ears may lend their aid.

Thine arms round my neck, girl, flung,
Into life, wake each nerve with a thrill;
They to music so luscious are strung,
That my heart bids all nature be still
To list to the marvellous tune
That echoes around and around,
As though all the roses of June
Had melted their hues into sound.

Thine hair—oh! rich pearl of the waves!—
Is a golden crown of light,
And each drop which thy fair form laves,
Glitters into a diamond bright.
From thy lips deep draughts I drink
Of such joy as immortals feel;
But reason hangs over the brink,
And the brain, and the senses reel.

If I had but mortal heart,
And ventured such burning kiss,
Soul from body would burst apart,
And pant itself out in bliss;
For mortal could never meet
The fire of that love-lit eye,
But would shrivel beneath its heat,
And as Semele died, would die.

You tremble, I too, mine own,
For Cupid has discrowned Jove,
And we tremble before the throne
Of the King of all Gods, great Love.
All nature with passion is wild,
When I pour my beams from above:
So come, I will love thee, oh child,
As the Sun-god alone can love.

What Rhodos said to Helios.

IN the azure depths of the silent sea
I have sighed for love, and for life and light,
Oh! God of my heart, I have yearned for thee!
Yet now, I fear thee, thou art too bright.

How I watched for thy rays as they filtered down
Robbed of some light by the envious wave!
For I loved thee, love, as great Nature's crown,
And I craved for thy love with a weary crave

When thy gleams were broken by raging sea,
I thought thou wert angry. How could know?
Now I feel that never comes change to thee—
No shadow can dim thine immortal glow.

Dost thou know how a woman's heart can long
To rest in an arm of true, living strength ?
Oh ! Glorious Love, thou art strong, thou'rt strong,
And I hang in thy clasp at length, at length.

From the pure, clear deep do I come to thee, pure,
I come to thee stained by no earthly soil :
Thine only, so long as shall time endure,
Thine whether it please thee to spare, or spoil.

Pour thy golden light through thine eyes in mine,
Till it brim the heart only thou canst fill ;
Though thou leave earth darkened, on me to shine,
Yet the thirsting heart will be thirsty still.

The flow'rs of my soul they are thine, all thine ;
All the myriads thy smile into life can warm ;
And the blood of my heart wells forth rich wine
As it meets the touch of thy circling arm.

Oh ! speak, love, I hunger to hear thee speak,
Let melody crowd in at every pore ;
I will beat back the blood from my burning cheek,
That even it may drink in the more.

Hush, thou beating heart, be still, be still,
Let no nerve quiver to break the sound,
Lest my whole rapt being should lose one thrill
Of th' eternal music that floods around.

Oh ! thou bright one, tell me, 'tis not a dream
That a moment's waking can all destroy ;
My senses are lost in thy glorious beam—
Grasp me firmly, my own, I faint with joy.

Letter from a Young Catholic Lady to her former School-fellow.

1.

DEAREST Alice, it really seems ages
Since I've heard from or written to you,
And I want all your sympathy, dearest,
I do not know what I'm to do.
But of course you must keep it a secret
That I've entered the regions of doubt,
I wouldn't for worlds, you may think, love,
My Father Confessor found out.

2.

I've been reading the case of Miss Talbot—
I assure you it makes my heart bleed—
I've been thinking on death and damnation,
And am very much puzzled indeed;

And about all the pleasures of heaven
And thinking on whether to go;
They say it's a musical party
And musical parties are slow.

3.

They say Jenny Lind thinks of going,
And that makes me hesitate too;
But Grisi, she will not be there, love;
Without her, oh what should we do!
And Jenny's a Protestant, dearest,
So she won't get a ticket I know;
And all the best music goes downwards
I think it is there I shall go.

4.

It will be a most splendid reunion
Beneath of the young and the fair,
For all the best friends of my brothers
Are intending, I know, to be there.
And no doubt if it isn't too hot, love,
The polking down there will be sweet;
I've half of a mind to be damn'd love—
What lots of one's friends one would meet!

5.

There's that nice fellow, Edward de Courcy,
I'm sure that he cannot be blamed,
He was born for a Protestant baby;
What a pity that he should be damned!
But ere I go up, and he downwards —
Oh think, love, won't this be a treat—
That, though I can't see him in heaven,
In purgatory perhaps we may meet.

6.

But there, even there we must part, love,
In a very few years at the most;
Without him there can be no heaven,
And with him I'm game to be lost.
You'll pardon the slang, 'tis my brothers,
But if I can bear it to tell,
I've been roasting myself by the fire
And find I can stand that quite well.

7.

So I fear my poor heart will prove stronger,
Except there's one thing puzzles me:
If they should save the Protestants, Alice,
What a horrible sell it would be!

If he went above and I did not,
It would be a most awkward mistake;
So do say if, considering the chances,
It's worth being damned for his sake.

8.

Oh, my head aches as if it were splitting!
These doubts drive me quite to despair;
So write to me, dearest, directly,
Or I shall go mad, I declare.
My heart is one whirlwind of passion,
I do not know where it will end.
Burn this, and believe me for ever,
Your very affectionate friend.

9.

P.S., here's a letter from Edward,
He asks me to be his own wife,
And my heart, dearest Alice, is beating
As never it beat in its life.
To Protestantism converted
I will join to my husband's my lot,
And we'll never be parted, love, whether
We go to the devil, or not.

1851.

The Last Dying Thoughts of Dove the Murderer.

William Dove, a drunken reprobate, murdered his wife at York, by small repeated doses of strychnine, in order to facilitate an intrigue with another woman. The prison missionary published bulletins of his spiritual state after sentence, one of which was to the effect that he felt much comforted by certain verses in Isaiah, and had full confidence in the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin.

1.

A REPTILE, wallowing in slime,
Revelling in loathsome vice,
It palled upon me, and with crime
I longed my life to spice.

2.

Senseless, and soulless, scarce I knew
On what to try my hand,
When Palmer's case like lightning flew
Over the gaping land.

3.

Thus taught, throughout the livelong week
I practised on my wife,
And watched her twitch and writhe and shriek
And struggle for her life.

4.

And still she might have struggled on
Had not mine haste been such,
I put a stop to all the fun
By giving her too much.

5.

Fool! I was drunk, or else she might
Have lived and writhed for days,
And I, by watching day and night,
Have earned affection's praise.

6.

Mad doctors, though our willing tools,
Proved more than was intended;
E'en then, my jurymen (the fools)
To mercy recommended.

7.

In vain they found, Sir George,[1] alas!
Too knowing to consent;
And things have come to such a pass
I really must repent.

[1] Sir George Grey, Home Secretary.

8.

For I must wing my way from hence
To mingle with the good.
I place the greatest confidence
In Jesus Christ His blood.

9.

I know that the Eternal One
Upon His throne Divine
Gorged with the blood of His own Son,
No longer thirsts for mine.

10.

Then hence all fears, vain scruples hence,
Vex not my pious mood,
I have the fullest confidence
In Jesus Christ His blood.

11.

And many a man whose life is past
In doing all men good,
Feels no such confidence at last
In Jesus Christ His blood.

1856.

The Old Man's Daughter.

Tune—"Old Uncle Ned."

1.

SHE is gone who made even life's closing scene fair,
The star of my twilight is set;
She is gone who strewed flowers in Life's desert, where
The old man must linger on yet.
No more, oh! no more brings the day
Her bright joyous smile: she is gone;
My sunshine of Life, Death hath taken away,
And left me alone, all alone.

2.

She would gaze in my face with her blue, gentle eye,
And watch every wish written there,
While broke from her bosom unconscious a sigh
If it told of this world and its care.

No more, oh! no more brings the day
Her bright joyous smile: she is gone;
My sunshine of Life, Death hath taken away,
And left me alone, all alone.

3.

That musical laugh, in her moments of mirth,
How clear and how sweet would it ring;
It gladdened my heart, for I felt that on earth
There yet was one beautiful thing.
No more, oh! no more brings the day
Her bright joyous smile: she is gone;
My sunshine of Life, Death hath taken away,
And left me alone, all alone.

4.

Yet it is not for me, the old man, to complain,
To whom such a hope hath been given
That ere a few years, I shall greet her again,
The loveliest angel in heaven.
Once more! then, once more! shall the day
Recall those sweet smiles that are gone;
Again shall the sunshine beam over my way
And I shall no more be alone.

Green Bank, Oct. 8, 1849.

The Last Irish Fairy.

SONG.

Air—"Garry Owen."

A REMINISCENCE.

I.

OH, say not the reign of the fairies is past,
Come hither with me and I'll show you the last.
Her voice is all music, her eyes are all light,
You never have dreamt of a creature so bright.
But beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
Oh, beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
Look well to your heart,
It will surely depart
On the wings of the very first glance she may dart.

2.

Small need has our fairy of magical wand,
She can make our hearts thrill with one touch
of her hand.
Though in emerald robes she may rarely be
seen,
What matter, she makes us most exquisite green.
So beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
Oh, beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
A fairy is here
Who hath but to appear
To make us confess that her magic is clear.

3.

It would make the heart beat of the veriest prig
To see her performing an Irish jig.
But for us who are made of inflammable clay
It makes us stark mad for a year and a day.
Then beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
Oh, beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
With one glance of her eye
She can call forth a sigh,
And it's no fun in these days to lay down and
die.

4.

Talk not of your wood-nymphs, your elfins so small,
Your nymphs of the fountain—she's queen of them all.
Away with your stories of fairies and bliss,
Pooh! pooh!! there was never a fairy like this.
So beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
Oh, beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
For to live in the gleam
Of her eye's sunny beam
Through life, could one ask for a happier dream?

5.

Then say not the reign of the fairies is past,
There at least liveth one, though she may be the last.
And let us, while grateful her charms we adore,
Thank our stars for this one, while we hope there are more.
And beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
Oh, beware! beware!! beware!!! beware!!!!
Beware of her smile,
Lest our hearts she beguile,
And we wake from our dream of enchantment the while.

Green Bank, May 11, 1850.

Evening at Inverary.

1.

REST thy beams on the water so cold, so calm,
Gentle Moon, oh, rest them there;
Let the ripples float them like silver balm
To the troubled heart of care.

2.

Not for those thy beams whom the morning sun
Awakes but to find them blest;
They are weary of joy, ere the day be done,
And sink gladly down to rest.

3.

Nor for those overwhelmed by the sea of grief,
In despair who vainly weep;
They have found ere this hour a sure relief
For to them God sendeth sleep.

4.

But for those who, though wearied, yet stout
and brave,
Are fighting their way towards land,
But who angrily chide each passing wave
That it beareth no helping hand.

5.

For these alone doth the moonbeams shed
Their balm as the manna of old,
And less fiercely beats many an aching head
'Neath their touch so calm so cold.

1849.

Fortitude.

REMINISCENCE OF BYRON.

I.

WITH Naples soap the face to lather o'er,
Till all one creamy mass of froth is seen;
With bristles of the badger, or the boar,
To gently mow the daily crop with keen
Bright razor, strapp'd on Mechi's strop I ween;
With limpid water the soft skin to lave,
And scarce perceive where once a beard had been—
This is not Fortitude; 'tis but to shave,
A thing our stubborn beards do every morning crave.

II.

But with a razor that no edge hath got,
To wincing saw, while each reluctant hair
Leaves on the cheek a little raw red spot;
Or when the flying moments precious are,

To feel its jagged edge deep gashes tear,
While gushes forth a warm and crimson flood;
To see, to feel all this, yet not to swear,
While all around is spotted o'er with blood—
This is to be a Job; this, this is Fortitude.

North Atlantic, May 1, 1849.

To Jenny.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF TENNYSON'S POEMS.

THIS bard full many a bitter cup,
Hath sweetened unto me,
But thou hast ta'en his mission up,
He now belongs to thee.

Then let him float thy thoughts along,
Tow'rds me when I am gone,
His heart, if truly speaks his song,
Is gentle as thine own.

Childhood is daybreak, cold and grey,
'Ere morn hath well begun;
This is the sunrise of our day,
And you shall be the sun.

And if not all our path be flowers,
Yet Hope shall keep it green,
Life's clouds shall shed but April showers,
While you shine in between.

Bright thoughts that pathway shall adorn,
Bright hopes our hearts beguile,
And cares shall like the mists of morn,
Dissolve before thy smile.

Thus to the evening of our day,
We'll pass in trustful love,
And thank God as life fades away,
We yet have Heaven above.

Sept., 1852.

Seven Years Ago.

ON THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING DAY.

WHO says that Youth's our happy time?
No, Jennie, Life in manhood's prime;
Life, when our hearts have learned to know
The wealth that lies earth's crust below;
Not the green youth which poets' sing
That gusty, raw deceitful spring;
With transient sunbeams, sudden showers,
And tawdry, chilly, scentless flowers;
That poorest portion of our span,
Janie, our truest life began—
Seven years ago.

Our life, our love hath been but one,
While seven years their course have run;
Our love, dear wife, is still the same
Tho' now a stronger, clearer flame;
Not like the fitful flickering blaze
Of that young love, which songsters praise;

But year by year, more firm, and true,
Yet ever fresh, and ever new,
Fresh as the day it broke so bright
(Like morn on garish, gaslit night)—
Seven years ago.

We wish not back those days of old
Before our hearts their secret told;
Those days when love was chiefly proved
By pottering round the well-beloved,
By mooning over music-books,
By squinting sideways, tender looks,
By hearing service twice a day
(Awful that duty, by the way!);
And yet we thought that pottering bliss,
Jennie, before we learned to kiss—
Seven years ago.

And so, dear wife, up to the last
We will not dream of what is past,
But ever up, and ever on,
Will make each year a happier one,
So far as in our power lies.
And if there threaten stormy skies,

As long as both of us are here,
Our love shall keep our own skies clear ;
And Time shall, as he slips away,
Still make us cherish more this day—
Seven years ago.

Jan. 5, 1860.

Prologues, Epilogues, &c.

Programme.

The

LITTLE THEATRE, GREENBANK COTTAGE,

Having been for the second time Enlarged and Decorated,

WILL REOPEN

Thursday, December 12, 1861,

On which occasion

A Distinguished Company selected from

HER MAJESTY'S

Subjects will attempt to explain Mr. Tobin's idea of a

HONEYMOON

As it ought to be.

DUKE . . .	Mr. Palmerston (P. H. Rathbone).
COUNT . . .	Mr. Henley (Hugh Bright).
ROLANDO . .	Mr. John Bright (A. Briggs).
BALTHAZAR .	Mr. Stanley (C. Forget).
LOPEZ . . .	Mr. Newdigate (P. H. Holt).
JAQUES . . .	Mr. Carlisle (A. Holt).
JULIANA . .	Miss Russell (Mrs. A. Briggs).
VOLANTE . .	Miss Derby (Miss Duguid).
ZAMORA . .	Miss Disraeli (Mrs. P. H. Rathbone).

An Original Prologue[1] will precede, and an Epilogue[2] will follow in (exceedingly) irregular metre.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"
(Specially now).]

[1] By A. Briggs. [2] By P. H. Rathbone.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

AN EPILOGUE TO THE HONEYMOON,

SPOKEN UPON THE OCCASION
OF ITS PERFORMANCE AT GREENBANK COTTAGE,

December 12, 1861.

SPOKEN BY THE DUKE.

"OUR fleeting month of trial being up,"
Having secured by means of "bitter cup,"
"The pure delights of a well-governed marriage,"
And given Juliana back her carriage,
Our task is ended—we have done our best—
Let kind imaginations do the rest,
But ere we part we fain would be assured
What are those "pure delights" we have secured.
They should be something very deep indeed,
If all be true of them we hear, or read.
Whene'er a plan is broached by which we may
See something of our friends in casual way,
Without the need of, in due form and state,
Drawing a bill one fortnight after date,
Aghast the world exclaims—It quite destroys
"Our fireside pleasures, and domestic joys."

While Liverpool with half-a-million souls,
Whose commerce spreads wherever ocean rolls,
With all her wealth, with all her well-earn'd fame
Has not a theatre that's worth the name.
There's not a third-rate town, from Nice to Rome,
Where Opera finds not at the least one home.
Do you ask Echo whence the cause of this,
Then Echo answers—'Tis Domestic Bliss.
Are there none here in horses who take pride?
And Echo, tell me, can no ladies ride?
Then why has Prince's Park no Rotten Row?
Why does no band play there, we want to know,
On summer afternoons? Sweet Echo, why?
Domestic Bliss is still the same reply.
—The varied secrets of that bliss to read
Shakespeare would fail, but Tupper might succeed.
Then Tupper say, what manly form is that
Stretched on the sofa purring like a cat?
'Tis he! the hero of a hundred flags,
The merchant prince of whom Cottonia brags.
Tread softly, tread: break not the holy calm,
He's taking in a dose of Nature's balm.

Our English fireside joys,—how pure! how deep!
The husband snoring, and the wife asleep;
No false excitement stirs their peaceful brain,
They wake for tea, and then they sleep again.
How worthier far than that frivolity
Which other nations call "Society."
Than the gay music, or the merry laugh,
Or that light "badinage" which we call "chaff,"
Or than that *vingt-et-un*, which, after dinners,
Makes merry losers, and still merrier winners.
Sometimes, indeed, the evening air we brave,
For stately dinner, or for concert grave.
"The three loud-talking women," where are they?
I only wish they'd dine with us some day.
Our concerts, too, where almost every song
Should be sung on the stage, but then that's wrong.
The scenery's wicked, and it quite distresses
Our moral sense to see such pretty dresses.
But in our balls what varied joys are found,
There solemn couples double shuffle round;
Sometimes the time is true, sometimes 'tis false,
Now called a galop, and then called a waltz,

Stern resolution pictured in each face,
Mingled with terror at the awful pace.
A hero falls: his face as blank appears
As Fairfax, when Miss Sliddell boxed his ears.
Legs break, wrists sprain, there's danger to the crown,
Can't we stop this, knock some bishop down.
Such is our dance, varied 'tis true, at will,
By sauntering through the lancers or quadrille.
To be restricted thus is surely hard,
To double shuffle, or to promenade.
Quite has the good old Polka passed away,
But poor Mazurka never had her day;
Of country dances, are there not a few,
Grown almost old enough to pass for new?
The absence of the old *trois-temps* we feel,
And Scotland cries,—"Where is my Highland reel?"
—Fair blossoms, clustering round Hymen's bower,
Where olive branch succeeds to orange flower;
And cordially we welcome here to-night
Three bridal rosebuds, clothed in Summer's light,
Loving, and lovely, crinoliny crowd,
Young wives of whom old Liverpool is proud;

Whose presence here dissolves our wintery skies,
So many sunbeams dance within those eyes,
And thence gleam forth to brighten earth with love—
Have mercy on me, miserable cove,
If for a moment I could seem to doubt
Joys that you know we cannot do without;
But why not both, we venture yet to cry,
And echo only offers a reply;
Say, why should it those "pure delights" destroy
To mix some spirit in our cup of joy;
Nor if it brightly foam need we to fear
That in more sparkling 'twill become less clear,
We've Brougham, and Social Science for the masses,
What's to done for us, the better classes!
We punish them, reform them, and amuse—
Their children educate, their foes abuse;
In short, we make a most confounded fuss,
Again I ask what's to be done for us?
Ladies and gentlemen, a fair good-night,
A Merry Christmas, and no Yankee fight.

Programme

OF

SWEETHEARTS, BY W. S. GILBERT.

ACT 1, 1844.

JENNY NORTHCOTE	Miss Alice Rathbone.
HARRY SPREADBROW . . .	A. S. Rathbone.
WILCOX	W. F. Moore.

ACT 2, 1874.

MISS NORTHCOTE	Miss A. Rathbone.
SIR H. SPREADBROW . . .	A. S. Rathbone.
RUTH	Miss M. Brancker.

Between the Acts a short Interlude, "THIRTY YEARS," will be spoken by P. H. Rathbone.

The Prologue by F. G. Prangé.

In the course of the Evening, A Topical Song, by a Private Wire (C. T. Gatty *scripsit*).

To be preceded by a Domestic trio, entitled "TWO FLATS IN A SHARP."

SCENE—Quaver House. Time—$\frac{2}{4}$.

MAJOR KEYE—ARTHUR (A Flat) .	W. F. Moore.
MRS. MAJOR KEYE—EVA (E Flat)	Miss A. Grimsdale.
MRS. MINOR (B Sharp)	Mrs. Archie Briggs.

February 3rd and 5th, 1875.

"THIRTY YEARS."

AN INTERLUDE SPOKEN BETWEEN THE ACTS OF "SWEETHEARTS."

OLD Father Time am I, come with my glass,
To count the thirty years we have to pass.

First, with your help, good friends, I must contrive
To close that dreary twelvemonth "Forty-Five,"
Stopping a minute upon "Forty-Six,"
That year of famine, and of Spanish tricks;[1]
When Guizot, coveting another throne,
Snatched at the shadow and lost France her bone;
And (finding Palmerston for once unmanned),
Though holding all the Court cards in his hand,
With Statesmanship that savoured of the Ring,
He played the knave, and threw away his king;
So passed away, and after twenty years,
The France he lost in blood was found in Thiers.

[1] The year when Guizot intrigued the Spanish marriages which probably cost Louis Phillippe his throne.

'Twas "Forty-Six" that proved that Robert Peel
Could lose himself to save the common weal,
And showed the world how Yankee cousins
give,
For Ireland died, that she in truth might live.

The seed thus sown bore fruit in "Forty-Eight,"
When France and England learnt alike their
fate;
The old red flag waved forth beyond the sea,
And woke the withered ghost of "Ninety-Three"
Then English Chartists marched all London
through,
To prove how little discontent could do.

But hark! the sound of an unshotted gun
Proclaims the Exhibition Fifty-One;
To mark that wars no more should men dis-
grace,
Colt's new revolver was refused a place.
Whilst divers potentates of sundry lands
Employed the whole twelve months in shaking
hands,
Until December's guns gave out from far
A year of love, crowned with a "Coup d'État."

Good Friends told Russia how all strife must
cease,
So that the Czar mistook old "Pease" for peace,
'Till England spoke with ringing voice, and
clear—
Try your Crime there, but we'll have our
Crimea;
And the old British red-coats showed our might,
When Alma taught the world we yet could fight.
Then followed Balaclava's pride, and shame,
Where once again we blundered into fame.
On Inkerman, our French allies, with cheers,
Buried the strife of many a hundred years.

Meanwhile at Scutari, the wounded's wail
Silenced all birds except the Nightingale;
'Till e'en from home re-echoed back the song,
And at that magic spell the weak grew strong.

Say, shall we note the thunder clouds that fell
On Indian shores, Lucknow, the Cawnpore well?
In vain the Brahmin tried his shores to sweep;
What England owns, England knows how to
keep.

Three years pass on, and Europe holds her
breath,
To see our cousins play the game of death.
On Transatlantic shores, from South to North
The long, deep smouldering flame burst fiercely
forth,
Till not a slave was left from sea to sea,
And all except, indeed, their trade was free.
Lancashire starved: the North might have fair
play,
The North excludes Lancashire's goods to-day.

Amidst the crash of arms comes into view
Our second Exhibition, "Sixty-Two;"
And where peace emblems once had decked the
ground
The last new Armstrong cannon grimly frowned.
So warlike had our dames begun to feel,
That, like old knights, they robed themselves in
steel;
'Till swarthy Sheffield had to work like mad
To make our ships, and ladies ironclad;
Upon thy broad foundation, crinoline,
The first true spread of woman's rights was seen,
And when the fashion took the town by storm,
The Belles in beauty became Bells in form;

Those were indeed the days of women's rights,
The stalls in crinolines, the stage in tights.

To ladies' dresses let us make our bow,
Foreign affairs demand attention now.
Not a proud day for England, we must own,
When John said Denmark should not stand alone,
And spoke the truth; she did *not* stand, she fell.
Just two years after sounded Austria's knell.
While France stood by, alas! she little knew
That ere the lustrum she'd be fallen too.
Thus closed the twenty years of promised peace,
Now that they're o'er, perchance our wars may cease.

While Palmerston and Dizzy had their will,
Tories reformed, and Liberals stood still;
Then Ben agreed with Derby, for a lark,
To take their famous leap into the dark.
With democratic zeal to scare John Bright,
Enfranchise men who could not read, or write,
And fill the Cave with dread of revolution,
Dishing the Whigs, also the Constitution;
And if friend Dizzy has not since cooled down,
Bradlaugh and Chamberlain must save the Crown.

With envy fired, Gladstone, in Sixty-Eight,
Tripped Dizzy up, and seized the helm of state;
The Irish Church he settled out of hand,
And pounced next session upon Irish Land.
Then tried the Ballot Box, but much, I fear,
It proved a box upon the Liberal ear.
For Whigs and Tories unkind feeling smother,
And pass Reform Bills to help in each other.

Both Ben, and Forster have tried Education,
One on his party, one upon the nation;
Now time has brought their projects to the test,
'Tis hard to say which has succeeded best.
In plain arithmetic, Ben's lot make slips;
Ward Hunt, for instance, cannot count our ships;
Whilst Forster's pupils strenuously contrive
To claw each other with clause Twenty-five.

Now Gladstone, in the evening of his day,
Retires, like Charles V., to watch and pray;
But by the pamphlets issuing from Mold,
It seems to me much more like watch, and scold.

What more? not much, Conservative reaction
Has brought a period of stupefaction;
John Bright will patronize Ben's pleasing tricks,
So long, at least, he don't talk politics;
But Vernon Harcourt's sadly in disgrace,
Poor maid-of-all-work, slanging his last place.
Dismembered Stoke laments that George is not,
Etruria weeps, and Hardy goes to pot.
High Church and Low keep up their little game,
And Christians love each other much the same.
The current scandals you will learn, no doubt,
When Greville's further Memoirs shall come out,
Whose critic swells each naughty tale rehearse,
They blame the man, then tell one rather worse.

Now turn we from the freaks of those in power,
To muse upon the pastimes of the hour.
Madrid and London, rivals in grotesque,
Play on their different theatres burlesque;
With an idolatry worse than the old,
We worship calves that are not even gold,
While on Spain's gory stage of war's alarms
The Carlists make more use of legs than arms.

One author, in this "opera bouff"-ish age,
Recalls wit, taste, and feeling to the stage.
Alas! we do scant justice here to-night,
To a slight sample of his fancy bright.

But, ladies, you with smiles our peace will make,
Forgive the actors for the author's sake;
Nay, more, applaud, with hand and foot diffuse
A healing influence with your high-heeled shoes.

But to our play, Spreadbrow returns at last,
Since Forty-Four thirty long years have passed;
You'll find some wrinkles written on the brow;
Spring, buoyant Spring, is kindly Autumn now;
But Time is called, and therefore, with a sigh,
Old Time retires: "Good-bye, Sweethearts, good-bye."

Our Silver Wedding-day.

LINES SPOKEN ON THE OCCASION OF UNMASKING AT THE MASKED BALL, JAN. 5, 1878.

FAIR, true, and noble dames, we greet you here,
And welcome, too, each gallant cavalier.
The bell has stricken twelve, and now we ask
You to unveil, for friendship needs no mask,
And you in gracious friendship come to share
The silver day that tells of silver hair.
Twenty-five years have floated on life's tide
Since on this morn we cast our masks aside,
For in this world, however leal and true,
The frankest hearts are veiled to all but few;
And so in fifty-three with timid grace
A mask demure fell from a loving face
Bright with all sunshine. Till to-night since then
No mask has ever hid that face again.
Fair friends, who deign our humble roof to bless,
To fête the memory of our life's success,

Again we give you cordial welcome here,
And all good wishes for the new-born year.
If there be those for whom it is life's dream
That their two streamlets mingle in one stream,
Ne'er to be parted till death's fated shore,
We wish them this—and can we wish them more?—
That love which blunts all thorns, which tints all flowers,
That love which may be theirs, which has been ours.

Jan. 5, 1878.

Epilogue to the Ladies' Battle.

ACTED AT THE LIVERPOOL TOWN HALL,

March 1 *and* 4, 1878.

THE Ladies' Battle. What! can ladies fight?
Impossible? Well, let us ask to-night;
Let all who know they can, you understand,
Just have the kindness to hold up one hand.
What! not a single hand held up? Why, then,
It's very clear we have no married men;
But stay, a light breaks in—the battle's o'er—
Husbands are conquered, and wives fight no more.
Our better halves are then head-quarters, too;
In that case, ladies, we apply to you.
Where'er I look, fair Venuses are seen,
Rising from seas of silk or grenadine,
Whose varying hues, ranging from gay to grave,
Blend like a rainbow sleeping on the wave;
Eyes rich in love are bright with sparkling fun,
Like dew-drops glistening in the morning sun;

Deign, then, our efforts with your smiles to bless,
For conquerors should not prove merciless.
How many sleepless evenings have we spent
In learning this—on pleasing you intent.
Ladies, you know how hard it is for men
To keep themselves awake from eight to ten.
The other evening, strolling rather late,
The place was Aigburth, and the time was eight,
Down the green lanes, o'er-arch'd with stately trees,
Whose close-knit branches murmur'd in the breeze,
Through which the struggling moon to peep would try,
Like mischief lurking in a deep, dark eye.
The air was filled with a loud buzzing sound,
As of a million cockchafers around;
And to myself I said, in some alarm,
It isn't summer, and it isn't warm;
What can it be? It is, as I'm a sinner,
The population snoring after dinner,
But, ladies, let them snore, for mercy's sake,
What rubbish they do talk when they're awake;
If out of Philistines you'd get a rise,
Mention Miss Becker, and await replies.

"Bah! Women's Rights! we don't want girls, forsooth,
To cut our arms off, or to draw a tooth;
Though, by the by, if fair Miss So-and-so
Should wish to feel my pulse, I don't say no,
Then, would it not be going rather far
To have our barmaids pleading at the bar?
The task of keeping order would be tough—
They'd all claim silk, and yet they'd all talk stuff!
As to the pulpit, let them claim their right;
Our wives already lecture day and night.
But lady barbers we could never bear,
To have them cut as well as comb our hair.
But, ladies, never mind, maintain the fight,
At least you've stormed the Council-room to-night;
And in that chamber, as you know, of course,
By English law the Mayor's the better horse.
Talking of mares, why don't you ladies go,
On Saturdays, to ride in Rotten Row?
There would you be true centaurs of attraction,
And 'gainst that right there would be no reaction;
No lovelier sight hath England, be it said,
Than a fair girl upon a thoroughbred;

Arch'd is his neck, and arch her lovely smile,
St. Anthony himself she might beguile!
Her glowing cheeks are rich in morning's dyes,
And noon's bright rays come dancing from her eyes;
Her brow in mercy, lest our hearts should fail,
Is shaded by the twilight of a veil.
And so, fair dames, when summer brings the lark,
Meet us on horseback all in Sefton Park.
Ladies and Gentlemen, our task is done,
May we declare the Ladies' Battle won?
Fair conquerors, shed sunbeams on our lives;
And, husbands, be obedient to your wives.
But one word more, and then I've had my say,
Woman's last right,[1] Whitley, was claimed to-day!
Everton wondered why so long he tarried—
He went to see "Engaged," and then he married.
On Saturday he made his farewell bow;
They raffled for him, and they've got him now.
Ladies and Gentlemen, now Whitley's done,
We may declare the Ladies' Battle won.

[1] The marriage of the most popular member of council was unexpectedly announced that day.

In Memoriam.

Louisa Lacell Steward.

BORN, JANUARY 24, 1831; DIED, FEBRUARY, 7, 1859, AT OAKLEY HOUSE, LLANDUDNO, AFTER FIVE YEARS' ILLNESS.

WE have loved thee dearly, Lou.
How dearly! and we shall love thee still,
In thy silent home on turfy hill,
Where we laid thee daisied sods beneath,
With a Christmas rose and snowdrop wreath;
Where thou liest alone, so still, so still,
Unheeding the wind as it whistles shrill,
On its way to the moaning sea.

And oh, we shall think of thee,
Dear Lou, when our spirits yearn for rest,
When worn with the weary daily strife
We wage with the petty cares of life,
Our hearts will turn to that rocky crest,
Will hover round that grey cottage shrine,[1]

[1] St. Tudno's, Ormes Head.

Raised by the faith of the old, old days,
Rich with long ages of prayer and praise,
And calm with the calm of peace divine;
And though wind may howl and ocean roll,
Calm with the calm of a firm true soul.
When far below, on the rock-bound shore,
Waves beat with a hollow, restless roar,
And from cliff to cliff the seamews sail,
Shrieking the news of a coming gale,
The little church, in unshaken peace,
Stands; as a soul that hath found release,
Rich in the secret we strive to know,
Looks down on our fevered hearts below.

On thy grave, dear Lou;
The Lily's carved on thy grave, dear Lou,
Type of a heart that was pure and true;
And Snowdrops tell how in early Spring,
Thou sank'st to sleep as the flow'rs awoke,
Ere ever the birds began to sing,
Ere ever the leaves their bondage broke;
After all those months so cold, so bare,
Couldst thou not wait for a little space
Till the light of love in Nature's face,
Called forth from their dreams May's children fair?

There's Ivy to tell of worlds above,
Of a hope that bloometh, ever green,
Through life's most dreary and darkest scene;
It speaketh of woman's truest love,
Speaks of the love of a clinging heart,
That twineth into the very soul,
And of the loved one becometh part,
Forming one richer, more perfect whole.
Such is the tale we have carved on stone,
Lou, where thou art, may it be thine own.

For not in the grave, dear Lou;
We know thy life is not hidden there;
'Tis but the spot where we said farewell,
And bade thee God's speed, though tears would swell,
And bade God's speed from a life of care,
As from sea-girt cliff Love's straining eye,
Through the blinding tears, would fain descry
The sail that sinks in the distance blue,
Bearing along to a foreign strand
Those that are dear, from their native land,
And cheeks grow pale as it fades from view.
So, dear Lou, we watched thee on thy way,
Hoping to meet thee in brighter day.

Not on thine hours of sorrow, Lou;
We will not dwell on thy days of pain,
Those weary days, when to die was gain;
Not on that long, lonely, Sabbath night,
When alone with Death, a father's love
Watched the ebbing breath for life that strove,
Till it ceased as earth broke into light;
And the gales that wildly, days before,
Beat round the house with unceasing roar,
Sank down before the approach of Death,
Sank down to the sigh of summer breath,
And nothing broke on the holy calm
Save the distant organ's solemn swell,
With a weird-like sound that rose and fell,
And stole on the list'ning ear like balm.

In the silent night, dear Lou;
We shall think of thee in the silent night,
When the skies are blue and the stars are bright;
When we muse beneath the eternal dome,
And our hearts are far in our Father's home,
In that happy home, where no care can be,
It is there, dear Lou, we shall picture thee.

In our times of joy,
We shall not forget thee, dearest Lou;
We shall feel thy heart is with us, too;

Though hid by a veil from earthly sight,
Hid by a veil of eternal light;
To sunbeams adding a warmer glow,
Adding a balm to the summer air,
Giving a sense of thy presence there,
A sense we feel, but we cannot know.

Speak to me, dearest Lou!
Though it be never so soft and low,
I shall know thy voice, oh speak to me!
How loved it was, thou didst never know,
How deep 'tis cherished in memory.
Never again may those accents dear
Fall like the dew on our mortal ear,
Oh never again; but canst thou not
Whisper sweet words to our inner thought?
On my battling soul drop thoughts of peace,
Such as can spring in no heart of mine;
Lou, I shall feel that those thoughts are thine,
As inward warrings sink bown and cease.
And in those moments of doubt, so drear,
Raised by religious, ungodly strife,
Aid me, oh sister, those doubts to clear,
Speak of the real in another life.
When waging battle for Truth and Right,
The heart is awed by opposing might,

The brain grows dizzy, the arms wax weak,
And aid or comfort seems far to seek,
Sister, sweet sister, a word from thee,
In life's stern struggles, will strengthen me.

Sister!
I linger yet on that sacred name;
Hast thou not truly been one to me!
Oh, never sister more loved could be!
We know, we feel, thou art still the same,
With a sister's heart in realms above,
Only with richer and fuller love.
Sister! The gentle caressing sound
Melts in the echoes that breathe around;
I softly pause, as I say the word,
I pause, and wait, and with list'ning ear
Half hope the air may be faintly stirred
With angel whisper, "Brother, I'm here."

And when Summer comes, dear Lou;
When Summer comes, we shall think of thee;
When air is full of the lark's clear notes,
And sea is white with the sails of boats,
When the little waves comes trippinglie,
Lisping their love to the pebbly shore,

And the rocks, now frowning, cold and grey,
Look bright and warm in the sunny ray,
On turfy seat we shall ponder o'er
Those happy days that are past and gone,
Before the Angel of Death stole on.
Oh, blessed be God for memory!
To dream of days that have flitted by;
Of scrambling up, breathless, hot and torn,
Old Wansfell Pike, on that joyous morn;
Of happy boatings on Windermere;
Of stretching forward to steal a sight,
Where the streams of Stockgill force unite;
Of Coniston water, deep and clear.
How long it seemeth since then! How long!
Then it was thou, who wert bright and strong,
At ball or pic-nic in that far day,
Thou wert the gayest among the gay.
How changed! Those times we can scarce recall,
Ere life's dim twilight began to fall.

Yet not all was dark, dear Lou;
Sometimes there would break a sunny ray
Through the shade that darkened o'er thy way;
When we saw that wondrous page unrolled [1]
Of beauty dreamed by the men of old,

[1] Manchester Exhibition, 1857.

And gazed on the quaint pre-Raphaelite
By Titian's canvas rich, glowing, bright;
While Mendelssohn's music filled the air,
And living beauty was thronging there;
Matlock's green valley of wood shall be
Consecrate ever to thoughts of thee;
And Haddon Hall, where old pictures, bright
With lovelye Ladye and belted Knight,
Float ever by on Thought's golden wings,
Telling of rich and glorious things:
Now mingling in with those throngs will move
One form we have known, and dearly love.
Of Rowsley village our hearts will dream,
With its quaint old inn, and clear trout stream;
And Chatsworth trees, to the summer air,
Will whisper words that we once heard there.
And oh, we shall cherish, Lou, the thought
Of the joy which those precious hours brought,
On the road through Buxton, that long ride
By many a green though rocky vale,
When you and Jenny sat side by side;
She so bright, and you so pale, so pale.
The last of thy dying sunset rays.
Lighted up old Conway's castle gray,
Closing a series of happy days:
A moment, and that too passed away.

But Lou, dearest Lou, I dare not dwell,
On scenes thou hast made us love so well.

We shall miss thee sadly, Lou;
Shall miss thee often, and sadly, Lou;
Whom now shall we tell our stories to?
Who, at the close of a weary day,
Will help us to laugh mishaps away?
We shall miss thy cheery, thoughtful sense,
Thy scorn of all that was like pretence,
Thy graceful taste, and thy courage high,
Thy kindly and gentle dignity.
Though pain might soften, it ne'er destroyed.
That healthy and hearty love of all
The blessings that to thy lot might fall.
Thy feeling, Lou, was, that life enjoyed
Was meet return for our Father's care;
A worship in which we learned to share.
And oh, for thy laugh's low joyous ring,
Like harebell chimes in the sunny spring!
May we ne'er forget that lesson bright,
Though thou hast passed to the realms of light.

Farewell, our own dear Lou, Farewell!
What lies in that sound, words may not tell

To thee, it speaks of a bright release,
Of entrance into a world of peace,
And of griefs that are past and gone.
To us, it speaks of a vacant place,
Of yearnings after a vanished face,
And of hearts that are left alone.

Mary C. M. Steward.

BORN, JANUARY 3, 1827; DIED, DECEMBER 18, 1860.

MARY, my own, lay thee down and rest;
We dare not ask thou shouldst longer stay;
For thine hath been but a weary day—
A weary day—and the night comes blest—
The night comes blest, as it closes in
O'er the cares that fret this world of sin;
And peace in the grave is calm and deep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down and sleep!

Weary, dear Mary, thy life hath been,
Thy brow was clouded at seventeen.
The opening hopes of girlhood's years
Were quenched in a widowed father's tears;
And a mother's anxious, watchful care
Were, without a mother's joys, thy share.
Thou wert sadly young such charge to keep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

I like to think of thee, years gone past,
While thy sisters danced through half the night,
Sitting alone by the fire's dim light,
To smiling welcome them home at last,
And gladly willing, dear girl, that all
Thy share of pleasure to them should fall;
Still ready to sow for them to reap.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

Yet it was not a cold indifference; none
More relished pleasure, or brimmed with fun;
Like sunbeams peeping through branches green,
Thine eye would twinkle with quiet glee.
How merry a heart might thine have been
Had life, dear Mary, but smiled on thee!
But the shades of care fell fast and deep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

One sister scarcely had left thy side,
And tender care, to become a bride,
When she who truly was most thine own,
In pride of beauty was stricken down;
And, hanging over her fated breath,
Loving, thou drankest the seeds of death,
And snow-drops pale o'er both sisters weep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

Five years—aye, five long and darkening years—
Of trembling hopes and of sickening fears;
Of drearily watching, day by day,
The sunshine fading across thy way,
And shadow stealthily creeping there—
A nurse thyself, needing nurse's care—
Thy path was thorny, dear girl, and steep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down and sleep!

'Twas but September, the bridal day,
When Alice passed from thy love away,
Of all thy motherless sisters last,
So that thy mission on earth seemed past;
And while dark December closed the year,
We laid thee down the hill-side drear;
But winter's gales, as they o'er thee sweep,
Can never trouble thy peaceful sleep.

With scarce a struggle, with no fierce strife,
Didst thou gently glide away from life;
In cheerful reading the evening passed,
Without a thought it would be thy last.
The work was folded, and softly laid
Aside, and the nightly prayer was said;
One parting word of affection deep,
And our gentle Mary dropped asleep.

There is nought of fear when life ebbs thus—
Nothing of fear—there is only peace
When the soul so calmly claims release.
We hardly know she is gone from us,
So still the footfall of passing Death;
While we watch for yet another breath,
Her spirit hath flown for God to keep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

Well mightest thou wish that it should be so;
That thou shouldst be spared the ling'ring throe;
That ev'n the death-hour should be one
Like the peaceful setting of summer sun.
Diffusing such holy, soothing balm,
We wonder'd how we could feel so calm—
A peace our memories' gain would keep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

We shall miss thee sadly, Mary dear;
Thy father is very lonely here;
We'll try to comfort him, as we may,
And live in hope of our meeting-day.
We cannot ask thou shouldst linger on
After the savour of life was gone,
When the weary years would length'ning creep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

Rest, my own Mary, from life and care!
Peacefully, peacefully falls the even,
And Lou is waiting for thee in heaven,
To greet with smiles thine awak'ning there.
Glad with the light of her sunny eyes,
How bright will eternal morn arise!
Thine heart to her heart will joyous leap.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

Tell her—though, maybe, she well doth know—
Our talk is yet of two years ago;
Tell her, dear Mary, we love her still,
With the deep, passionate love of old,
That faints not, wearies not, grows not cold;
That at the churchyard upon yon hill
Is a tryste we never fail to keep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

Sleep, my own Mary! thy work is o'er;
Bravely and faithfully, nobly done!
Life's troubles never can weary more;
The fight is fought, the victory won.
There are who fight in the world's broad gaze,
Who earn, and who win its meed of praise,
While others the lonely outposts keep.
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep!

Let us not slander the human soul :
There years—nay months—can create a joy
That not eternity can destroy,
But countless ages new charms unrol.
Love is the only reality ;
The rest is hidden in mystery
'Mid the dark secrets the grave doth keep
Mary, my own, lay thee down to sleep !

Gerard Manning Rathbone.

BORN OCT. 16, 1860, DIED FEB. 7, 1862.

GERARD, dear lad, can it really be
That thou art gone in life's break of day,
While yet thy morning was cold and grey ?
What was the meaning of life to thee,
And what the lesson earth could have brought?
Gone ere the dew of thy childhood's tears
Vanished in sunshine in after-years,
Ere ever thy lips could lisp thy thought.
Gone, too, before thou couldst bear thy part
In that grand solemn ne'er-ending fight
Gainst sin and wrong, and for will and right,
Which steels the spirit and warms the heart.
Reasons Divine there must surely be,
Yet 'tis a terrible mystery.

We little thought on that Friday night
We watched thee play by the fire's dim light,

While sunshine laughed in each merry glance,
That the box's [1] weirdly mournful sound,
As with painful jerks it struggled round,
Was wailing Death's angel's still advance.
But even so ere those hours were gone,
Death placed his mark on our little one,
And the doom went forth that sealed his lot,
Although till morning we knew it not.
All day we watched while his ebbing breath
Waged sadly, wearily, war with death.
Few and low were the words that we said:
There was not a thought of hope to speak,
As, leaning over his little bed,
We fanned his brow and his burning cheek.

Heavily, heavily hours dragged on:
Midnight had passed—it was nearly one;
And then the battle began to cease,
Softly the struggles died down to peace.
A smile seemed over his face to play,
As if to welcome the coming day;
One parting wave of the little hand
That staid our breath for a moment's space:
We knew his angel beheld the face
Of our Father in the better land.

[1] A musical box.

Past were all hopes, and past all alarms:
We could do nothing again for him;
So laid him down, and with eyeballs dim
Left him alone, in our Father's arms.

What was the meaning of life to thee?
We do not know, we can never tell;
Surely contented we ought to be
What thou art to us to know so well.
Another centre for thoughts of love,
One more to claim in the world above—
This is the gift we with joy receive;
The rest in our Father's hands we leave.

John Steward,

WHO DIED AT GREEN BANK COTTAGE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1866, AGED 30 YEARS.

HE is not lost, he has gone before ;
Leónie, dear Leónie !
He is not lost, he has gone before ;
His troubles, trials, and struggles o'er,
Springs the immortal to richer life.
Rests the mortal from toil and strife.

He sleeps above the booming caves,[1]
Where break the hard, cold, cruel waves ;
Above the shrieking sea-bird's cry,
When winter winds sweep howling by,
While frets the surf against the strand,
Wearing away the patient land,
And moaning, moaning for release,
Wearily, how wearily !

[1] Buried at St. Tudno, Orme's Head.

Sleeps where the little church speaks peace ;
Sleeps by the sisters whom he loved,
In view of ocean, where he roved ;
Sleeps far from life's fierce whirl and noise,
Its carking cares, its fevered joys ;
When, leaving all its struggles rude,
The heart, to soothe its yearnings, may
Retire alone to love and pray,
Like Christ, in mountain solitude.
Save when on hill-side, as of old,
The flock within the little fold
Gathers at close of Sabbath days,
Swelling the evening breeze with praise,
While, sinking in the western deeps,
The parting sun gilds where he sleeps,
Peacefully, so peacefully.

After years in the burning zone,
Weary, wandering, restless, alone ;
Ever by winds and fortune hurled
Hither and thither about the world ;
Ever, while tossed upon ocean's breast,
Longing for home and for love and rest,
Till his weary feet at length reached land,
To fight his way npon Moorish strand.

'Twas a weary battle the first two years,
With waning hopes and with gathering fears,
And trials which only served to prove
The priceless worth of that year of love,
That crowning jewel of earthly life,
The fervent love of a loyal wife,
Who almost welcomes the wildest weather,
So it be only fought through together—
Love that he cherishes yet on high—
Love is eternal, it cannot die.

Will you not picture him, Leónie,
Pacing the bridge in a calm midnight,
When the sky above is serene and bright,
With nothing to break on the holy calm
Save the panting engine and measured plash,
And little waves round the bows that dash;
While the moon transfuses the sea with balm,
And the silent deck lies dark between—
A black mass ploughing through silver sheen;
While the evening planet rains from above
A yearning for home, and for rest, and love—
For the pure, strong love of a woman true:
Such, little sister, he found in you,
When across his lonely path you beamed,
And realized all he had fondly dreamed.

When his present was dark and his future dim,
Forsaking all other, you clave to him
With a proud, brave love, made his lot thine own,
To fight life's battle with him alone.
When trial, toil, suffering, each played their part,
And the soul sprang forth to inspire the heart;
When love hath beamed a sunny ray,
To add new brightness to summer day;
While he plotted, and thought, and schemed, and planned,
Sometimes disheartened, but never unmann'd;
With a heart that never knew how to quail,
And a spirit to whom it was death to fail;
Even when sickness had struck him down
He bade defiance to Fortune's frown,
And plotted, and planned, and thought, and schemed,
And of future success still fondly dreamed;
While Hope in your heart still ebbed and flowed,
Still you watched to lighten his weary load—
To soothe him, and cheer him, and aid on his way
With love's words at eve and love's work by day.

Leónie, this was to be a wife,
With all its sorrow, such life was life.

Leónie, Leónie!
That year of love, though with troubles rife,
Was it not truly a year of life?
Dare you wish that its course had been
Less strewn with trials, less marked by teen?
Is not your heart of its love more proud
His guarding beacon in night of cloud?
And once having drawn the soul's free breath,
Would you sink back to a living death?

Leónie, life is not over for you;
There are fields to conquer, there's work to do.
It matters not what that work may be;
Out of work can be carved our destiny.
Whether in work, or in love, or art,
Or aught where the soul bears a living part,
The soul is eternal to rise or fall;
It hath nothing to do with great or small.
It is not the size of the battle-field,
But the spirit with which we fight or yield.
Whether frescoed wall or in miniature frame,
The soul of the picture is still the same.

Then think of him, love him, and work for his
love;
He will proudly look down from his home
above,
And his image will come, thine heart to fill;
He will not be lost, but be with thee still.

Leónie, dear, but one word more,
To claim thee as sister till life be o'er.
He sent to awake me
At break of day,
Shortly before
He passed away;
For his brain was clear,
And he did not know
If ever again
It might be so.
"Dear Philip," he said,
"Our hearts are true,
Though I'm no great talker,
No more are you;
But we loved each other
And now I say,
Don't let her pass,
Like a dream, away.

She has been my all
Through a weary day.
I cannot say much,
I'm so weak, you see.
Love my little girl,
For the love of me."
I pressed his hand,
For words would not come,
And he knew I promised
A brother's home
And a brother's love
Till life's latest day;
And our hearts knew all
That we could not say.
Though the present be dark
And the future dim,
Still love us, dear sister,
For love of him!

Sir James A. Picton.

BORN, 1805; DIED, 1889.

BROAD, brave, yet cautious, with a calm, wise soul,
Hasting not, resting not, pressing towards his goal,
From passing ages gathering fading light
To cast before and make the future bright:
Scarce e'en a detail seemed to 'scape his ken.
He lived, he died a faithful citizen
Of no mean city—not mean as to size—
But little conscious where real greatness lies.
Courteous and kind, most generous to youth,
No smoking flax he quenched, no search for truth,
But welcomed each new labourer in the field.
Eager, yet patient, he knew when to yield
And bide his time, but ever persevered
Till every obstacle had disappeared.
Upon one weakness who would care to frown—
It pained his heart to differ from his town;

Yet when his conscience forced him to declare,
His words struck fire, we felt no weakness there.
Firm in religion, firm in politics
But scorning party jealousies and tricks ;
With heart and intellect still at their best,
He, slightly wearied, laid him down to rest.
Farewell ! The bread upon the waters cast
Shall after many days return at last
To feed the brains of those for whom you strove,
Then will they truly know your work and love.

Domestic.

Lines by Francis G. Prange to Ethelbert Wilfrid G. Rathbone,

WITH THE GIFT OF A GOLDEN CUP FROM CHARLES BOOTH, F. G. PRANGE, HON. H. ROMILLY, WHO DINED AT GREEN BANK COTTAGE THE NIGHT OF HIS BIRTH.

I.

WHILE thou drinkst from this cup, child,
Thou scarcely wilt know
Life's sweet and life's bitter,
Earth's weal and earth's woe;
When the cup and the playthings
Are both put away,
Thou wilt read the three names, child,
And ask "Who are they?"

2.

Thy friends, who first pledged thee
To this gladsome earth;
The friends of thy father;
Thy friends, from thy birth,
Who will ever stand by thee,
Thro' life, till the day
When brown hair and fair hair
Are changed into grey.

Liverpool, Nov. 21, 1866.

His Answer.

BY HIS FATHER.

1.

I, ETHELBERT RATHBONE,
As yet am unused
To appearing in public,
So must be excused;
For my heart is too full,
And my voice is still weak,
So take through my father
The thoughts I would speak.

2.

For your beautiful gift,
Thanks a thousand times o'er;
For the promise you make me
I thank you still more.
That, the proudest of heir-looms,
Your love shall descend,
And the friend of my father
Shall still be my friend.

3.

And I ask him to tell you,
When time brings the day
When the fair hair and brown hair
Are changed into grey,
That on my side that friendship
Shall still be kept bright,
And in faith of that promise
I pledge you to-night.

4.

The first name that I pledge [1]
In the century's youth
Was staunch to the banner
Of Freedom and Truth,
When the old town was faithless
To Liberty's name,
And the meed of her soldiers
Was insult and shame.

5.

Fill high to the comrade [2]
Who loves to impart
To his pleasures and friendships
The flavour of art.

[1] Charles Booth. [2] F. G. Prange.

Old Father Rhine's life-blood
To pledge him shall flow;
Like his wit it will sparkle,
And like his heart glow.

6.

And now fill to a name [1]
That we welcome down here,
Which to lovers of Freedom
Hath ever been dear;
For the name and the work
Of his grandsire shall be
Ever cherished in England
While England is free.

7.

One cup to the mother,
Whose courage and truth
Shall inspire my childhood
And guard me in youth;
Shall teach me to be
At once tender and strong,
With a passionate hatred
Of meanness and wrong.

[1] Hon. Henry Romilly.

8.

Pledge the aunt,[1] that good fairy
  Who smiled on my birth,
Who watched, guarded, tended,
  My *débût* on earth.
May our fairy be near us,
  Whatever befall,
And for aid and for counsel
  Be still within call.

9.

And through life's rugged journey,
  What'er be my luck,
These three be my watchwords—
  Love, Honour, and Pluck—
Till, having fought bravely
  The battle of men,
Unshamed I may ask you
  To pledge me again.

Dec. 1, 1866

[1] Mrs. R. T. Steele.

Christmas Day, 1851, *at Greenbank*,

BEING THIRTEEN YEARS SINCE THE FAMILY HAD BEEN TOGETHER ON THAT DAY.

THOUGH bound on many a varying voyage
With differing freights we roam,
Our barks once more together met,
Touch at the port of Home.

And memory floats o'er waves of time,
Back thirteen years ago,
Repassing many an isle of joy
Or sunken rock of woe.

Though weather-beaten, all as yet
Have braved life's tempest rude;
So Christmas, if it be less gay,
Brims still with gratitude.

Then once again in the old house
  Raise up the Christmas-tree.
If older is the parent stem,
  And older, too, are we,

There are fresh faces and young hearts,
  Who, yet untouched by care,
May make it bright with opening flowers,
  And be what once were.

To Jane Steward.

LET me gaze on thy eyes, my own gentle Jane!
Like the sunshine that broke through the dismal rain
And cheerfully smiled on the lonely ark,
They have brightened a path which before was dark.

The bow that sat throned in those opening skies
Never gave such a promise as beams in thine eyes,
And Noah's weary dove never found such a rest
As my throbbing head on thy faithful breast.

Sweet Jane, it seems like a dream to me
That my heart hath found such a home in thee—
As a dream too bright for our earthly lot;
And I fear to awake and find thee not.

Yet it seems to me for years long past
I have sought thee, and found thee, my own, at last;
My own to cherish through worlds unknown,
And when heaven dawns to be still my own.

My own gentle girl, only love me still,
And my heart, once so restless, shall fear no ill;
Or if doubts and cares will sometimes arise,
They shall melt with the glance of thy calm, bright eyes.

Nov., 1852.

To Galatea.

ON HER BIRTHDAY WITH A COPY OF HAWTHORNE'S "MARBLE FAUN."

MANY happy returns of the day, Galatea,
You old Roman statue warmed up into life,
Survival of ages grown dizzy with fear
When the wild world was crashing to pieces in strife;

What were you dreaming of, Galatea,
While priest and tyrant held all their own?
But never mind that, for we have you here;
But please you must never return to stone.

Let me re-introduce you, Galatea,
To your ancient colleague, the Marble Faun;
If he's half so happy to find you here,
As we, Hawthorne's better than Guido's dawn.

Ah ! bright Renascenza that brings Galatea,
And a new age of faith you will bring back I trow,
For if marble can warm into life it is clear
That we all must believe in the miracles now.

You can't have been Juno, my sweet Galatea,
Her temper was surely not all you'd expect,
But Praxiteles' Venus, not of Cnidus ; don't fear,
For the other was charmingly draped recollect.

But it must be Pandora, you were Galatea ;
For when comes the sad time for parting, oh, then !
Through the open coach door will all joys disappear,
Save the hope we shall cherish of meeting again.

Rome, May, 1891.

Hymns.

Hymns.

I.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—*Psalm* xxxvii. 7.

WHEN doubt's dull clouds obscure the sky,
And Hope hath sunk in night,
While to Faith's weary straining eye
Appears no glimmering light;
When warring hearts by passion stirred
The spirit's vision dim;
Be not afraid! Rest in the Lord!
Wait patiently for Him.

Tho' storms may threaten from on high,
God's smiles those clouds will part;
Only keep thou a single eye,
A pure, and trustful heart,
That single eye shall read the word
Which this world's wise find dim;
Then calm thy heart! Rest in the Lord!
Wait patiently for Him.

Oh ! wait, and He shall give to thee
Thy yearning heart's desire ;
For He can still the raging sea,
Can quench the wasting fire.
Oh ! wait, and joy shall be restored,
By Love's rekindling beam ;
Be of good cheer ! Rest in the Lord !
Wait patiently for Him.

A God who reigns around, above,
How can we understand ?
We only can with trustful love,
Leave all things in His hand.
And light shall on our souls be poured
To clear the prospect dim ;
Wait thou His time ! Rest in the Lord !
Wait patiently for Him.

Oh, Rest ! God's ways are not like ours,
They are beyond our sight ;
For what seems thorns oft turns to flowers,
And darkness turns to light ;
Oh, wait ! till (when our barks are moored
Beyond Life's region dim)
We, calmly resting in the Lord,
Shall know, and worship Him.

Christmas, 1853.

II.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever."—*Isaiah* xl. 8.

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 *Peter* i. 24, 25.

THE grass may wither, the flower may fade,
The tree no longer give forth its shade,
The earth in its beauty may pass away,
The sun no more be the light of day;
Destruction may sweep each celestial ball,
The universe scattered in pieces fall,
But one jot, or one tittle of God's truth never,
The word of the Lord endureth for ever.

Old Luther shook the earth with a trumpet sound,
That startled it out of its sleep profound:
And its nightmare of lies was swept away,
As men felt the glow of Truth's rising day:

And their idols of heart to the wind were given,
They acknowledged no God, but the God high
in heaven.
The tyrants of Europe began to quiver,
For the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

That trumpet blast shall be heard again ;
It shall waken the hearts, and the souls of men ;
They shall start from their wild fantastic dreams,
From their formal rites, and salvation schemes ;
And as light breaks forth from the heavens
above,
They shall close in a union of Truth and Love ;
A bond that Eternity cannot sever,
For the word of the Lord endureth for ever.

Strive we in as much as to us is given,
That earth shall bow to the rule of heaven ;
Nor faithlessly timid our duty shirk,
For the best of prayers is the prayer of work ;
Till men shall awake from their sloth and pride,
And the cry shall echo for far and wide,
Till the rocks to their very foundations quiver,
The word of the Lord endureth for ever.

December, 1853.

III.

"I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." —*Luke* xv. 18, 19.

SILENTLY crept
A trembling tear adown his wasted cheek,
And broken-hearted, weary, worn, and weak,
At last he wept.

As April showers
Melt Earth to life, from Winter's frozen reign,
Within his heart, thoughts of past joys again
Sprang forth like flowers.

Sweet dreams of Home,
And the warm shelter of a father's love,
Ere 'gainst that kind control he rashly strove,
And sought to roam.

"While here I pant,
Not swinish husks my craving needs supply,
My father's servants have enough, and I—
I faint with want.

"I will arise,
Will go unto my father, and will say,
'He, whom thou cherished in a bygone day,
With hunger dies.

"'Ill have I done,
Oh, father, in God's eyes, and against thee;
And I no longer worthy am to be
Known as thy son;

"'Make me to be
But as an hired servant. I will prove
All that I feel, I only seek to love,
And live near thee.'"

But while the boy
Was yet a great way off; his long-lost son
The father saw, and ran, and fell upon,
And wept for joy.

"Bring forth," he said,
"The fatted calf; let songs and mirth abound;
For this, my yearned-for son, was lost, is found,
Lives who was dead."

Such sympathy,
Such welcome, and such joy, such father's heart,
There is for us, when bidding sin depart,
To God we fly.

And shall we roam,
And spend ungen'rously the noble share
Of talents lavished by paternal care,
Afar from home?

Father, and God!
Bid me return to love, and live near Thee,
And humbly, when Thy hand o'ershadows me,
To kiss Thy rod.

And, like Thy son,
When thro' strange paths Thou leadst my devious way,
Teach me to raise my heart to Thee, and say,
"Thy will be done."

Christmas, 1853.

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